



On the Edge



12 1 2

Chapter 1 by Tene Miller

Living on the edge.....of what exactly? The world? A cliff? Glory? I never knew what that phrase meant. Maybe it means to be daring and bold. Or maybe it means to be scared and careful. I might not know what it means, but I do know that people sure do use it a lot.

Chapter 2 by Tene Miller



A yellow flower with five petals and a cup like center bobbed in the water as I ran to it. There were other kinds of flowers in the water, but this one stuck out to me. Plus, I already looked those up in the books. While I searched for others like the yellow cupped flower, the winds got stronger. "I sure hope another wave doesn't come by today," I thought when I looked towards the island. The winds got stronger as I stepped into my house.

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